

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS-  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Vol. 64

No. 5

MAY, 1931

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# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 5

Our American Humane Education Society, through the agency of the Chicago Humane Education Society, has just put a new humane education worker into the public schools of Chicago.

Read in another column the story of "Kiki," the once beautiful Arabian horse brought to the American Fondouk at Fez. We have not ventured to reproduce his photograph, so maltreated appears his body, but his head shows his noble breeding which no abuse could wholly obliterate.

A letter has just reached us from Constantinople telling of the beginning in Turkey of humane education in the schools. A woman, deeply interested in animals and a lover of children, has been engaged for this purpose. The letter says the way is open for her to reach at least 30,000 children this year. Our American Humane Education Society will co-operate in this undertaking.

Our Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has established a new and additional branch office at Hyannis on Cape Cod. Harold G. Andrews from our Boston headquarters is there permanently. His address is Main Street, his telephone number Hyannis 940, and his post-office box is 292. Residents of Barnstable, Dukes, and Nantucket will please avail themselves of his services when complaints are to be made.

The English Foreign Secretary, Arthur Henderson, said at a great public meeting in London a short time ago, "The lessons of the past war are already being forgotten. A generation is growing up which has never known war." It is up to us who lived through this last inferno of 1914-1918 to see that our youth are taught to hate the accursed thing instead of being trained in our schools and colleges to see only the deceitful glamor and alluring pomp of it behind which lurks the mad fiends of blood, torment, murder, and death.

## If

If the newspaper reports which tell of the bequests received by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were to be trusted, we should not have to be sending out thousands of letters every year for contributions toward our annual expenses. In the first place, when we are remembered as one of the residuary legatees in a will, nine times out of ten the amount of the estate is largely overestimated. During recent years the financial depression has cut down many legacies from 80 to 50 per cent. Again, many legacies are payable only after the death of one or more dependents. In a number of wills money is to come to us in case the testator's children, and even his grandchildren, die without issue. A very rare happening. Many such legacies are used up before the final settlement is made. Often, when it might appear that a generous amount was to be received by the Society, it is discovered that there is not enough in the estate to pay the special bequests. Litigation frequently breaks a will and the amount left the Society goes to those who have successfully contested the will.

Take the recent New York case of the Wendel will. One paper had us down for \$150,000, another for a still larger amount. Now it seems the total of the estate will probably be far less than the newspapers state and years will doubtless pass before the Society receives anything at all from it. Relatives are already turning up here and there, purposing to contest it.

If any reader of these words is contemplating remembering us in his or her will we devoutly hope this good friend will not forget that we still have to raise by solicitation a good part of the money to meet our annual expenses. The Angell Memorial Animal Hospital alone called for \$30,000 more last year than its receipts.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

## Is It Fair Play?

A CERTAIN Senator Smoot in his defense of the United States' demands that foreign nations pay their debts to us—a demand he says he purposes to enforce to the best of his ability, says that France has been allowed to settle on the basis of 50 cents on the dollar and Italy for 28 cents on the dollar. Must Great Britain, our own kith and kin, pay 100 cents on the dollar? Why should we be less generous with her than with France or Italy? Surely, she has been as hard pressed financially, we think even more so than either of these other two countries. Furthermore, France pays interest at the rate of 1.640 per cent; Italy, 0.405 per cent; Great Britain 3.306 per cent. We hope some day these war debts will be so generously dealt with, not by politicians seeking re-election to office, but by high-minded statesmen, as to take the Shylock reproach from our people.

## Horses

The Philadelphia *Evening Ledger* quotes from an article by the president of the Commercial Horseman's Club of that city some interesting statements and figures. There are now in Philadelphia some 4,500 commercial, or work-horses, about 60 per cent decrease during the last 20 years. Of saddle-horses of all kinds there are some 5,500. The increase in these latter ones is about the same per cent as the decrease in the former. He says there are 15,000 draft and wagon horses in Chicago. From the best information he can gain he estimates New York has from 30,000 to 35,000 horses in its five boroughs, with some 11,000 saddle-horses owned and ridden in the five boroughs and in the suburbs and country estate communities.

Asked if the work-horse will become extinct in Philadelphia and the other large cities, he says: "By no means. We shall always have the commercial horse for short hauls," (any distance less than a mile and a half) "because he can work at about one-third the cost of the automobile truck."

## Why

MRS. H. A. DANNECKER

*Oh, why should the spirit of mankind take pride  
In the edict which gives him the right to preside  
As monarch o'er all of the birds in the trees,  
The beasts of the land and the fish in the seas?*

*Oh, why should he boast of his cunning and skill  
And count it great pleasure to chase and to kill  
His own fellow creatures; and why wish to be  
Of all creatures hated the most cordially?  
And why should he laugh when on platform and stage  
These poor timid wild things are forced to engage  
In torturous acts, and applaud when they rise  
At the crack of the whip, fear and dread in their eyes?*

*Why should these, our brothers, be tortured in traps  
To make for fine ladies luxurious wraps?  
Oh, why not delight in their beauty and grace  
And leave each unharmed in its own sphere and place?*

*And is this educative, to see in a cage  
A jungle beast far from its own heritage?  
For true education develops the whole,  
And man without pity is lacking in soul.  
Since man is a mortal and brief is his stay  
On earth where he holds indisputable sway,  
Why not use his prowess to study life's forms,  
Each with its own individual charms?*

*A subject more interesting cannot be found  
Than life in the numerous forms that abound;  
Oh, why should mankind wreak destruction and death,  
When from the same source comes his own fleeting breath?*

## Performing Cats

Animals who appear in the theater or the circus are usually trained by being beaten or threatened with red-hot irons. In other words, it is through their sense of fear that their co-operation is gained. But such tactics will be of no assistance to any one who wishes to train cats. A terrified cat will shrink and tremble but he will not jump through hoops. A cat who has been beaten will not creep up to lick the mountebank's hand. . . . Performing cats, however, are seldom to be seen in circuses or vaudeville. They are most difficult to train, not because they are stupid but because they are too intelligent to be interested in such nonsense. A cat is never vulgar and this sort of thing undoubtedly strikes a cat as vulgar. As the cat will willingly die to preserve his independence he cannot, even when he has seemingly made the compromise with the showman, be depended upon to carry out instructions.

CARL VAN VECHTEN in "The Tiger in the House"

## Trained Animal Absurdities



Wide World Photos

## THE PROFICIENCY OF PERFORMING PIGS PREDICTES CRUELTY

The exploitation of animals for advertising purposes too often entails contemptible cruelty. Witness this at gasoline stations in your travels.

The New Jersey legislature has passed a law prohibiting cropping the ears of dogs. It is the fourth state to pass such a law.

Hereafter anyone who violates the law will be fined \$250 and no cropped dog will be permitted to be exhibited at a kennel show. The humane societies of the state sponsored the law.

## ANIMALS AND THE MOVING PICTURE

WHEN we started the Jack London Club it was chiefly the performing animal of the stage, the circus, and the amusement park, that we had in mind. But things have moved fast. The motion picture has been developed rapidly. The presence of animals is seen with increasing frequency in such pictures. Scenes are staged not only where things that are not cruel are made to look so by manipulation of the camera, but where gross cruelty is actually practised.

What can be done about it? Let every man and woman, whenever present at a moving-picture show where cruelty to animals in any form appears upon the screen, write in protest both to the management of the theater and to the manufacturers of the film. Keep at it! The picture producers are in the business for money, not for their health. Convince them that the public is not entertained by pictures made at the expense of animal suffering or the disregard of animal rights, and they will stop producing that kind.

## Animals in the "Talkies"

Jack London Club, Boston:

The other evening I saw for the first time an animal talking motion picture presented at a popular theater and although the feature picture was headed by a great actress at her best I left the place, wishing I had stayed at home with my radio.

I have held membership in the American Humane Education Society and a number of other organizations in the interest of animal welfare for many years. I have always had a passionate love for animals, and even if there is no cruelty in making these animal talking pictures, I believe that a moral injustice is done to the animals in several ways.

The dressing of dogs and monkeys is, to my way of thinking, very wrong. To give animals a human voice puts them in a ridiculous and unreasonable position. Why, they even had a big ape saying grace!

Everyone who has had a dog and really made friends with him knows very well that a dog does not need to speak as humans do to convey his love and affection for a kind and thoughtful owner. Is not that all we can want from an animal? Is it not sufficient that the Almighty created them without human voice?

Animal pictures are not funny. Cartoon comedies are very popular the world over with young and old. They interest the intelligent because of the novelty. Exhibitors must realize that they should try to please the greatest number of their patrons. To my mind the animal talking pictures are exceedingly disagreeable to a large number of people.

JOHN T. MENDES  
New Orleans, La.

Have you registered your name with those who disapprove of animal turns on the stage, of exploiting and capitalizing performances that can be produced only by cruelty to dumb animals either before, during, or after their exhibition?

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts

By His Excellency  
JOSEPH B. ELY  
Governor

## A Proclamation

It has long been the custom for the Governor of the Commonwealth to issue each year a proclamation to emphasize our duty to the dumb animals. To this end, I designate Sunday, April nineteenth, as

## HUMANE SUNDAY

and the week of April twentieth to twenty-fifth as

## BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

Our debt to our four-footed friends for their devoted service and the pleasure which they have given to us may be repaid in a measure by protecting them from harm and insuring kind treatment for them.

I strongly urge the teachers in our schools to properly impress upon the minds of our youth the necessity and worthiness of kind and humane treatment to the dumb animals which have been placed in our care. It is also recommended that in the churches and through the newspapers of our State the people be implored to care for our dumb friends with kindness and charity.

The late Queen Victoria said:

"No civilization is complete which does not include the dumb and defenseless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy."

GIVEN, at the Executive Chamber, in Boston, this sixth day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and fifty-fifth.

By His Excellency the Governor  
JOSEPH B. ELY  
FREDERIC W. COOK  
Secretary of the Commonwealth  
GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

## Animals That Pay the Price of Progress

MAJOR R. W. G. HINGSTON  
British Explorer and Naturalist

**I**N various parts of the world today are animals which our children will know only through museum specimens. As far as wild life is concerned, the world is getting steadily poorer. To us the dodo is only a name, yet three hundred years ago it was a reality. The last examples were exterminated by sailors about 1691. Our great grandfathers, if they had been travelers, might have seen the bluebuck, for it did not vanish from the earth until 1800. Now all that is left for us is a few skins in European museums. The quagga of Cape Colony is now only a "museum animal," the last living beasts having died fifty years ago.

The extermination of the American bison, fifty years ago, when about four millions of the beasts were slaughtered, is always recalled with anger. If you had traveled to the North American seaboard a century ago, you could not have helped seeing the great auk which thrived in vast companies. Today a few skins and some odd eggshells are all we have left of this magnificent bird. At the same time you would have seen the sky blacken with the flight of huge flocks of passenger pigeons, yet today there is not a single one left in the whole of North America.

Even your fathers who have traveled may tell you tales of birds and animals you will never be able to see for yourself. They may have seen the Manchurian stag in China, for there were 200 of them left at the beginning of this century, but these the Boxer soldiers annihilated. There are now none left in Asia, although there is just one semi-domesticated herd still in existence.

We Europeans are apt to blame the Americans for exterminating the bison in such wholesale fashion, but we ourselves

are not much better. It is only within the last ten years that our European bison, the finest wild animal we possessed, has disappeared. It used to live in South West Russia and the Caucasus Mountains, but it is no longer found there, for it died out during the war. Now the otter seems about to follow the example of the bison. Some will vanish in our lifetime, and all our grandchildren will know about them will be through pictures and museum specimens.

It seems sad that the animals marching to extinction are among the very finest in the world. There is the Javan rhinoceros, for instance. If there are any left at all, which is not at all certain, they live in the very depths of the Malay forests, where they have fled to escape from their enemy the trader, who values their horns. Exactly the same thing has occurred in Africa. Once the white rhinoceros roamed over a large part of the continent. Now all that remain are two small communities, one of about 30 specimens in Zululand and another of about 200 along the upper reaches of the Nile.

In the mountains north of the wonderful Victoria Nyanza lives Grevy's zebra. But it is very rare, and unless we are careful, it will soon disappear altogether, as Burchell's zebra and its near relation, the quagga, have already done.

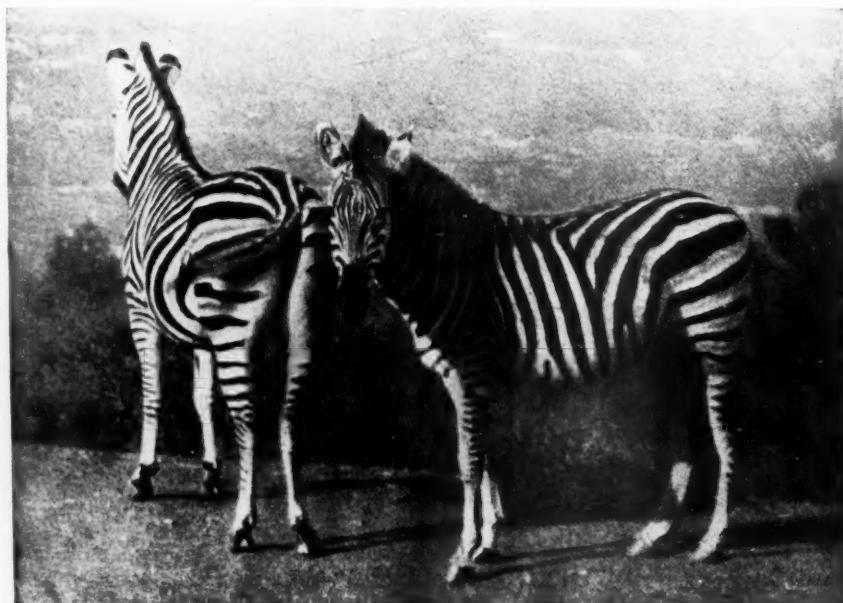
Before many years are gone, the African elephant will have disappeared unless the traders are limited in their enormous export of ivory. It is doubtful if in a short time it will be possible to find any black rhinoceroses, elands, or kudus.

Trade and cultivation are the two causes of wild animals being exterminated, and, of the two, trade is the greatest enemy of wild life. The hunter's gun is comparatively harmless and can be easily rationed. It was trade in feathers that was responsible for the disappearance of the great auk. Stone pens were built, into which the birds were driven like sheep and then slain in millions. It was trade in hides that wiped out the quagga and swept the herds of animals from South Africa. Trade in oil swept whales from the Arctic and threatens to do the same in the Antarctic.

The spread of human settlement and cultivation is another danger to animal life, but the menace is not as serious as that of trade. In particular areas, of course, wild life is driven completely away, but often the animals would establish themselves in more remote parts, were it not for the ravages of the trader. In Africa, more and more land is being taken up by the settler and each step forward brings man into conflict with wild life.

The motor car has been a real enemy of animals, for it brings the sportsman close to his prey without effort. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that the sportsman is a fairer enemy than most which the wild beast has to face, for the hunter is usually content with a few good specimens and tries to shoot only the males.

What can be done to save the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus and all the other animals from being driven from



BURCHELL'S ZEBRA AT HOME

Taken in South Africa when these animals roamed there in their native state

the face of the earth? We cannot stop trade or settlement. Africa is rapidly being brought under the power of civilization, and wild life cannot endure. There does not seem to be any chance of saving the animals unless public feeling steps in to help them.

There is just one chance. The people that follow after us may still be able to see something of this wild life of the world if we care to save it for them now. Wild life must be separated from all human activities and placed in a special compartment of its own. We must create permanent sanctuaries. To make this policy successful, these sanctuaries must be set aside for all time. We want great national parks right through the world in which wild animals can live without fear of the trader, the settler or the hunter.

Parks are particularly needed in Africa, as wild life there is declining fast. The world would be a much less interesting place if all its wild life were allowed to disappear, and all sportsmen, naturalists and lovers of nature must agree that something should be done to save our wild animals before it is too late.

### Happy, Placid Hippo

THE hippo is such an easy-going, lumbering creature, that you can only regard him with good-tempered amusement. Even when you see his huge teeth you cannot conceive of him as being dangerous, and you feel that the baring of those teeth cannot possibly be anything more exciting than the beginning of a lazy yawn.

The more you watch him, the more you are convinced of his utter harmlessness. He has always that air of contentment which we see in people who are excessively stout; and one can picture him among his own family as being sleepily humorous. On an island of rock in the middle of a Central African river or lake, you can see him basking in the sun at peace with all the world; or you may see a school of twenty or thirty, tussling, swimming, and plunging in turn from the island into the water, all with the air of a game in which one is not expected to be too strenuous; or you may see the fat mother hippo with her fat round baby, as she encourages it to climb on to her back and lie there while she floats.

The hippo, placid as he is, shares with the elephant a dislike of being disturbed. It is most unlikely that he would attack unless the very waters of his home were disturbed and he saw danger threatening his cows and his young (indeed, I have never heard of a single instance of a hippo attacking a hunter), but he would at once go to ground—or, to be more accurate to water. Directly he detected any unusual scent in his neighborhood, he would dive beneath the surface, and all that would be seen of him and his family would be their heads as from time to time they popped up to peer toward the shore, blowing occasionally just like whale, before diving again.

CHERRY KEARTON, in "In the Land of the Lion"

...

The Royal S. P. C. A. of New South Wales sponsored the national celebrations of Humane Sunday, March 1, and Be Kind to Animals Week, March 2-7, 1931.

### Plea for Berry-Bearing Plants

BESSIE L. PUTNAM

TIME was when one of the first duties of the farmer after the rush of harvest was over consisted in cutting out the growth along the fence rows. This was quite as imperative as is now the tidyng up of the lawn. But times have changed. The birds of yore had much more upon which to depend in hard times. There were many thickets and the forests had an undergrowth which yielded fruits of various sorts. Now many of the forests are gone.

There are several reasons why there should be a conservation of our fruit-bearing plants, but the economic one is that which we wish to stress here. Bird lovers always look for nests among the raspberry and blackberry thickets. Not only do the birds find the desired protection and concealment, but there is the ripening fruit, and almost all birds delight in eating it.

In autumn and early winter, so long as the berries last, there are many wild fruits, some of them not edible so far as we are judges, but most acceptable to the birds. Just a few days ago a friend called our attention to an old neglected fence-row overgrown with high bushes of one of the smaller flowering dogwoods. Only a few weeks ago these shrubs had been loaded with bluish berries. Only the thick red stems were left of the great berry clusters, proving that birds had been the gatherers. And they had done their work completely. Not a berry could we find. The flowering dogwood, with its crowning beauty of scarlet berries clustered among the crimson leaves, had been an attraction to both birds and nature lovers earlier in the season, and just as carefully taken care of by the birds. In places we have been warned to abstain from gathering the beautiful berries of the bittersweet because the birds needed them. The wild grape is another plant which furnishes a rich harvest for them, and yet we are none the losers. The gum tree yields its berries, as does the black haw.

One year a flock of about fifty cedar birds came regularly every day to a mountain ash tree which was heavily loaded with fruit. This was persisted in until the berries were all eaten or jarred to the ground by the weight of the flock. True, the supply was exhausted early in autumn, but there was evident enjoyment among these dainty feathered folks so long as the fruit lasted.

Birds themselves do a lot of promiscuous planting of berries if allowed to work things their own way. The roadside which is left to grow wild well attests to the fact that berry-bearing bushes will at least hold their own. Then there are the low growing plants, the blueberry, and especially the partridge berry, the scarlet fruit of which is a delight to both children and birds in midwinter. Nature's wards have from our earliest times seemed to work in unison. It is man who destroys the balance. If we will only get over the idea that nothing must be allowed to grow along the edges of the fields excepting the cultivated crops—if we will bear in mind that the wild things have each their own part to play in the general plan of nature—we shall have more birds, more music, more beauty in all life.



### Cactus Wren and Its Nest

T. CHAMBERS ATKINSON

THIS cousin of the common house wren spends his life out in the desolate desert areas. He sings almost constantly and his full, well-rounded notes are made to seem even more beautiful because of the barren landscape.

In the fork of a cactus plant he builds a long bottle-shaped nest with the entrance at the "neck" or small end. He is a very sly little chap, and to insure privacy he builds many other nests. These dummy nests are exactly like the actual home except that he does not line them with feathers. In a land where there is no foliage to conceal the nest and the helpless young, these dummy nests are an ideal protection.

You may search long and hard, you may even discover a number of nests, but the chances are you will give up in despair before ever locating the one nest he has chosen to feather!

After hearing his cheery song at the first streak of dawn, or perhaps during the last moments of daylight over the grimly silent wastes, the camper cannot help but admire the tiny bird that is brave enough to sing upon the desert.



NEST OF CACTUS WREN IN SPANISH BAYONET

## Brotherhood

WINIFRED HEATH

Not alone do we live,  
Isolated, completed, apart,  
But close knit to all things that have  
breath—  
To the trees and their high comradeship.  
Kin are we to the wind  
That blows from the far-off lands  
Where our dark-skinned brothers go.  
The sea has a voice for our souls,  
Calling down through the silent years  
With the crying of those that are gone.

Our Little Brown Brethren, the birds,  
Sing to us, chiding our sloth,  
Who wake not as they do from sleep  
To greet our Fair Sister, the Dawn.  
We are one with the dust of the road,  
Brown sod and the quivering grass,  
With the swift spent glory of noon,  
The moonlit silence of night.  
We are one with all things that have  
breath,  
At the heart of all love do we live  
With our Mother, the Earth.

## Water for the Birds

BESSIE L. PUTNAM

I WONDER how many ever think of how the temporary drying of streams in summer may cause birds to suffer. During the extremely dry and hot weather last season an illustration came to us which set us to thinking of how much even the winged creatures, especially those with eggs or young birds to care for, may need help at such times.

A full-grown barred owl was found on the ground in the woods, and its colors so blended with the dead leaves that it was almost unnoticeable save when it moved. It did not try to get away nor did it have enough energy to resent our familiarity when we stroked its head. It just turned its big black beadlike eyes—and no other native owl has such solid black eyes—upon us and watched our moves but made no effort to get away. Cold water was offered, of which it drank sparingly, but it did not care for the meat placed before it. The next day it drank more freely. On the third day it had gained appreciably in strength, and had risen to a dead limb a few feet from the ground, and the next day it was gone, no doubt able to fly past the dried-up brooks to a living stream.

The smaller birds all need our care as to water supply during the hot dry months. Wrens and other tiny birds like water not more than half an inch deep. The robin and catbird like it deeper. If the dish has sloping sides all may be accommodated as to depth. It must be safe from cats and preferably in the shade. If you lack funds to buy an ornate container, nail an old wash-basin to a post. See that the water is frequently replenished. The birds will give a world of enjoyment to you as well as find it for themselves.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

## The Woodcock, King of Game Birds

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the Author

THE woodcock because of its protective colors and habit of remaining motionless when hunters, dogs, or natural enemies invade its haunts and get near it is not easily seen, flushed and killed, and is considered by many to be the king of American game birds. It is about a foot in length, chubby of build, has black, gray, buff and brown plumage, a long stout bill, and large bright eyes prominently located on the sides of its head so it can see backward as well as forward. The upper mandible is flexible near the tip and can be used much like one's finger for locating and pulling earthworms, which are the woodcock's staff of life, from the ground; these the bird probes for in the soft, moist earth. A number of small clear-cut holes in the moist earth along streams and about marshy woodlands is evidence that woodcock are to be found there.

The woodcock is one of the first birds to be found nesting in the spring, laying its eggs in a depression in the ground, muck and leaves, early in April. Its nest is much like that of the spotted sandpiper and killdeer, but is located in marshy woods and not in open places near streams, or in fields and meadows, like those of the latter birds. One that I found one spring had been made of a few twigs and leaves in a very brushy marsh. I doubt if the mother had actually carried any material to the spot, though she had chosen one that had more than the average amount of leaves; on these she had squatted and sat and thus made a crude little nest in which lay four pear-shaped, buff eggs lightly spotted with brown.

The woodcock, after an absence of about three months, makes its appearance in our northern states in March, and shortly afterwards is to be found nesting in its favorite haunts, sometimes near a patch of snow or a pool covered with ice. It is of unusual interest when mating because of its queer nocturnal song and flight. It is always more or less nocturnal in its habits, like the rails and some other birds,

since it then is able to find earthworms in the greatest numbers, and is not exposed to the attacks of some of its enemies. Take a walk to a marsh, swamp, or muddy brook border some evening late in March or early in April, especially if woodcock or their borings are to be seen there, and you are likely to hear a "peent," "saip" or "peeze" much like that uttered by the nighthawk. The note is so much like the "peent" or "peeze" of the nighthawk that when I first heard it I was sure I had heard and gotten a fleeting glimpse of my first nighthawk of the year; at a time, however, when I came to think of it, when it still was cold and disagreeable and much too early in the season for this bird. Had it been day instead of night I could have seen my bird clearly and discovered my mistake; as it was I saw it but faintly and momentarily when outlined against the western sky.

After uttering his "peent" note a few times, the woodcock springs from the ground and flies upward with whistling wings, circling and rising until two or three hundred feet in the air, then turns, utters a few notes, and drops like meteor to the spot from which he started. There he again utters the "peent" or "peeze" note and again flies upward and repeats the performance.

The woodcock is likely to be confused with but one other bird, the Wilson snipe, which is about as large, has much the same plumage, and frequents the borders of streams and ponds. However, the Wilson snipe differs from the woodcock in having smaller eyes, a more slender bill, and alternate dark and light stripes on its crown. The back of the woodcock's head is black crossed with buff bars. Then, too, the woodcock is usually to be found about wooded marshes, while the Wilson snipe likes more open territory, often being found along the shores of streams in places frequented by killdeer and spotted sandpipers. Late in the summer, the woodcock is to be found on hillsides and in

meadows and cool woodlands; whereas the snipe still haunts the borders of streams.

The woodcock has always been a popular game bird and has been killed in large numbers. It skulks at all times and often dashes out from beneath a dog's nose or a hunter's feet, flies rapidly off, watches you out of the corners of its eyes, turns and descends to the ground again a short distance off, where it again hides and waits. Because of the persistence with which they have been hunted and killed, these birds are now scarce; to see one in many places is a real treat.



NEST AND EGGS OF THE WOODCOCK

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

MAY, 1931

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

## The Steel Trap and the Farmer

THE following is taken from a letter written by a farmer to the *Springfield Union*. From the correspondence and speeches of certain other people it might be thought the average farmer was dead against our new law:

When the Anti-Steel-Trap Bill went over last November by a vote of about 3 to 1, it was the greatest stride toward civilization that Massachusetts has made since the abolishment of "witchcraft."

According to Webster, a warden is a keeper or guardian, but when the word "game warden" is used it is sometimes a misnomer. It seems as if some of our game wardens are looking out for the interests of the sportsmen instead of the game, and the sole activities of some wardens seem to consist of reporting the annual deer kill to the State.

I hope our State Department of Conservation realizes how rapidly our wild life is being depleted through the agencies of motor cars, repeating fire-arms, and inadequate game laws. We need shorter open season with closed season on many species.

A law which permits sportsmen to roam the woods and fields in search of rabbits after the season is supposed to be closed on other game is an absurd one, for under the guise of rabbit-hunting many grouse, pheasant and deer fall victims to out-of-season hunting.

It is amusing to read about the sportsmen's worriment over the increase of vermin which they would have us believe will happen under the new trapping law. Just what do they mean by "vermin"? If they refer to those friends of the farmer, the foxes and skunks, they should become more enlightened as to their economic value. Or do they mean the vermin which belong to the *genus homo* and enjoy killing all wild life, and tear down signs and fences and sometimes set fires?

There has been some criticism in regard to the posting of land by farmers, especially the large tract in Berkshire County. That was a very wise thing to do, and many farmers had contemplated doing so before the steel trap law was enacted. Many of us have done so for years, for

several very good reasons. First of all, we enjoy seeing wild life better than dead carcasses. We did not want trappers robbing us of animals which are a benefit to the farmer. We do not want our land turned into a regular battlefield; neither do we enjoy repairing wire fences or rebuilding stone walls.

## Russia

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Animals' Friend*, England, writes to that magazine a letter which will be good news to many of our readers:

I went to Russia last summer and traveled from end to end of the country. I had expected and dreaded to see great misery among the animals and it was a happy surprise to find them remarkably well cared for, in view of the general poverty of the country. In Leningrad and Moscow almost all the horses are really superb and it is forbidden by law to carry more than two passengers in a droshky, while any driver who beats or maltreats his horse is fined 3 roubles (\$1.50). In Leningrad I found a thriving S. P. C. A., only two and a half years old, but with a membership of 2,000. It lives wholly on the membership dues but maintains a clinic and hospital for animals, with a qualified veterinarian. Though there is no S. P. C. A. in Moscow, there is a clinic for small animals and in the country districts there are veterinarians who make their rounds regularly.

Outside the large cities, the condition of the animals was not so good, yet it was by no means bad except in the Caucasus and the Crimea, where the inhabitants are non-Russian. Foreigners who have lived long in Russia told me that a Russian will share almost his last crust with animals. It was very comforting to me to find conditions so relatively good.

## A Good Story

We heard the other day of a storekeeper in a Ku Klux town who, seeking patronage, put a large placard in his window which read: "We are 100 per cent American. We hate Jews, Catholics, and Negroes." Down the street another storekeeper of the same ilk only worse, not to be outdone, put a placard in his window which said: "We are 200 per cent American. We hate everybody." Evidently there's nobody left for the 300 per cent American to hate.

We hope all other humane societies will forgive us for what seems like taking undue credit to ourselves, but Be Kind to Animals Week, now known the world over by this or some similar designation, originated in our offices as the result of a long correspondence with a Jewish friend, now dead, at the time a resident of South Carolina.

The great, good work being accomplished by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is shown in its February report. Especially deserving of approbation is its endeavor to minimize the severity—bordering it is alleged on cruelty—of the system so much in vogue of training dumb animals for exhibition purposes.

—*East Boston Argus-Advocate*

## An "Ambassador to Children"

AS the representative of the Imperial School Children's Association of Tokyo, Japan, Mr. Den-ichi Ishii, its founder and the chairman of its board of directors, has been traveling about the United States for the past seven months in the interest of world peace and international friendship.

Mr. Ishii has been heralded as the "Children's Ambassador," for it is to the younger generation that he looks for the greatest advancement in the cause of peace. On his present itinerary Mr. Ishii visited Boston with his secretary and interpreter and spent several hours at the offices of the American Humane Education Society, acquainting himself especially with its work among the children of this and other countries and obtaining such information and literature as will assist him in his efforts to promote peace, friendship and humanity among the countries to which his mission will take him.

He intends to visit fifteen countries within in a period of a year and a half and through his study of educational and social conditions wherever he goes, the use of moving pictures and lectures, he is meeting with a fine spirit of sympathy and co-operation. Some government officials and many prominent, peace-loving citizens of Japan are heartily supporting this most worthy undertaking of a broadminded, earnest representative of real world peace.

## Hard To Believe

No longer need for humane societies!! Think of this, here in Massachusetts within in forty miles of Boston!

The pitiful sight of a horse standing almost starved to death in a foot of water confronted Robert Dyson of the Mass. S. P. C. A., who this morning made a visit to the barn owned by John Diaz, Western avenue.

Diaz told the officer that the horse was owned by Henry Hentschel of 45 Jefferson street and that for two months the animal had been kept in the structure with little or nothing to eat. A neighbor had from time to time given the animal a meal of carrots and bread, but a veritable bag of bones, covered with mud, was all that was left of what had been a 1500-pound horse.

## A True Story

At a recent meeting of the Jacksonville, Florida, Humane Society, the humane officer told the following story:

I have a hero I want to mention. He is none other than a large police dog owned by a woman in Springfield. He located a cat out in a back lot with its head in a tin can that it could not get off, so he went to the house for help. At first members of the family did not know what he wanted but he kept on until he got them to go with him and he led them to the poor cat. It would have been impossible for the cat to have gotten the can off its head. The people called me and I soon had it out of its bad fix. The dog acted as though he was glad to get help. However they were not friends for as soon as the cat was liberated it wanted to put up a fight.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

**Trustees of Permanent Funds**

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HARRY L. ALLEN HERMAN N. DEAN  
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**MONTHLY REPORT**

Miles traveled by humane officers	14,807
Cases investigated	504
Animals examined	3,391
Number of prosecutions	13
Number of convictions	13
Horses taken from work	61
Horses humanely put to sleep	33
Small animals humanely put to sleep	948
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	42,577
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	72

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Amy E. Taylor of Lexington, Mrs. Mabelle W. Bumstead of Watertown, and Miss Ella Virginia E. Wendel of Irvington, N. Y.

The American Humane Education Society has been remembered in the will of Miss Lucy J. Richards of Columbus, Ohio.

April 14, 1931.

Friend—"Are your poems widely read?"  
Poet—"I'll say they are. Over 20 editors read the last one."

**Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals**

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

*Veterinarians*

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*  
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Ass't Chief*  
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.  
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.  
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.  
C. G. HALL, D.V.M.  
HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

**HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MARCH**

Hospital	Dispensary
Cases entered 603	Cases 1,768
Dogs 437	Dogs 1,429
Cats 152	Cats 318
Horses 7	Birds 18
Birds 4	Monkeys 2
Monkeys 2	Rabbit 1
Goat 1	
Operations 570	
Hospital cases since opening Mar. 1, 1915	94,274
Dispensary Cases	195,298
Total	289,572

**MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS**

**Convictions in March**

For selling a horse unfit for labor a defendant was fined \$25 in the lower court. He appealed. The next day he resold the same horse and again was prosecuted and fined \$50, which he appealed. In Superior Court the Judge allowed a plea of *nolo* in both cases; placed one case on file and imposed the original fine of \$25 in the other. Subjecting a horse to unnecessary suffering by refusing to kill it for some time after it was disabled, fine \$20 and six months at House of Correction, later suspended for one year.

Cruelly shooting a cat, defendant allowed to plead *nolo* upon payment of costs and case filed.

Failing to provide proper food for one horse, three cows and two calves, fine \$20 which was suspended for one year.

Permitting a horse with galls under his collar to be worked, fine \$10.

Non-feeding stock, defendant (*non compos mentis*) convicted, case filed.

Driving a galled horse, defendant convicted and put on probation for six months.

Driving a horse with sore shoulders, fine \$10.

Knowingly and wilfully permitting a cat to be subjected to unnecessary suffering, two defendants convicted, case filed.

Cruelly beating and mutilating a dog, fine \$25.

Working a galled horse, fine \$25, two weeks to pay.

Cruelly shooting at and injuring a dog, case filed upon defendant's paying costs.

Failing to provide proper and sufficient food for ten head of cattle, case was continued until defendant had disposed of all stock, then filed.

It is stated on what we believe is trustworthy authority that governments are today, in preparation for another war, experimenting with disease germs, seeking how they may be kept alive so as to be scattered by the explosion of a shell. Another evidence of the fiendish things for which war stands.

**Some Animals I Have Known**

**I. Two Wild West Ponies**

NIXON WATERMAN

WHEN I was a boy on the Wild West frontier many years ago, I owned an Indian pony named "Puss." My brother owned a Mexican mustang pony named "Kit." Mine was a dark roan; his a light roan. In disposition, I never saw two equines less alike. Mine was of a high-strung, nervous temperament. I think no one would have had the temerity or the cruelty to strike her with a whip. A cross word would make her tremble. His pony

would stand treatment of any sort. She seemed to say, "Go ahead and do your worst; I can take care of myself under any conditions." She would kick, at times, and bite if necessary, yet with it all she was kind and affectionate. She was remarkably intelligent. My brother taught her a number of tricks and it was always our thought that she would have made a fine circus performing animal. My pony was stupid. It would have been impossible to train her to do a trick. She felt she was created for the one purpose of conveying somebody somewhere in the shortest period of time. She was vibrant with the desire to get the task over with.

My brother's pony would scent a snake, rods away on the open prairie, and would follow up the scent till the reptile was located but she could not be compelled to approach too close to it. My pony seemingly never smelled anything and could have been ridden over all the snakes in Christendom. My brother's pony could be ridden without a bit and bridle—without anything in fact, and was easily guided by the rider's hand or the swaying this way or that of his body. My pony required a good bit and a strong bridle.

The wildest ride I ever took was one day, when I was wading a stream, five miles from the ranch house, and let the pony have her head in order that she might drink. In some way, the bit of the bridle she had on had become sprung open at the middle joint, and in its relaxed condition, the two halves separated. When the pony raised her head, she was without a bit in her mouth. She sensed the condition instantly, and in a flash was away for home on a fierce run. I could not restrain her; neither dared I to try to dismount at a mile a minute rate. So I stuck till I reached the home gate, which she essayed to jump, but it was so strong and high that she only went up against it, smashing it somewhat but doing no serious damage to either horse or rider. But I never took another chance on her bridle having a loose bit.

Over two billion dollars spent by motorists during the past eleven years in this country in payment of state-imposed gasoline taxes. Two billion dollars would have bought many trainloads of hay and oats. The horse may be a vain thing for safety but as a killing device he's an angel of mercy compared with the automobile.





Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

**Officers of the American Humane Education Society**  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

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**Trustees of Permanent Funds**JOHN R. MACOMBER, Chairman, Harris, Forbes and Company  
CHARLES G. BANCROFT, Vice-President, United Shoe Machinery Corporation  
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Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts

**Field Representative**

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

**The Indian Bureau and the Indian****A Shameful Affair**

FOR fifty years the Indian Bureau claims to have been educating the Indian. He is called a "ward" of the nation. We told in the March number the story of what happened some weeks ago in a Nebraska town. This is the substance of it which we must repeat to make intelligible what follows. The writer says:

"The town was holding its annual 'Oregon Trail Days' celebration. Indians were brought from a near-by reservation to camp in a down-town city park, to take part in the parades, stage tribal dances, etc. On the last night the committee in charge advertised a 'dog feed' at the Indian camp, announcing the event from the public platform. A poor defenseless dog was tied to a stake in waiting; an Indian advanced upon him with lifted tomahawk and inflicted a wound which did not even daze the dog. The 'brave' then took the creature up and threw it upon a fire, already burning, to 'finish' the execution! The dog's shrieks and moans rent the night air!"

"I was told, though I cannot vouch for

it, that these exhibitions of cruelty are being held wherever 'pioneer' celebrations take place in which the Indians are employed by the committees to participate."

We wrote the mayor of the town and he said he knew nothing of the affair.

We wrote the Indian Commissioner and here is his reply.

My dear Dr. Rowley:

With further reference to our letter to you of September 22 regarding an alleged dog-eating episode which took place at the "Oregon Trail Days" celebration at Gering, Nebraska, some time ago, we have attempted to get details of this matter, but so far have been unable to find any evidence which would corroborate the alleged occurrence. The Mayor of this town advises that he knows nothing of any such occurrence.

Sincerely yours,

C. J. RHOADS  
Commissioner

We now have a sworn statement of an eye-witness who speaks from personal knowledge, confirming the story as given above. The whole town knew about it, officials as well as private citizens. We had understood that orders had been issued forbidding the use of Indians for any such purposes. Outside the demoralizing effects upon the Indian, the outrageous cruelty to the dog was a disgrace to the town officials.

**The Fondouk at Fez**

Here is the February report for the work of the American Fondouk Maintenance Committee:

**Twenty-eight days**

Daily average large animals	72
Daily average dogs	11
Forage for large animals	3,910.00
Forage for dogs	272.50
Wages	2,144.00
Salaries	6,000.00
Put to sleep 26, Cost	235.00
Sundries	1,077.75
Motor	134.00
	13,773.25
Entries 72	(equals \$509.37)
Sorties 47	

**"Kiki"—At the Fez Fondouk**

FROM the Superintendent of the Fondouk this sad story of "Kiki." We refrain from reproducing the photograph. It is too pitiful:

This horse "Kiki" was in every way remarkable. Bred in this country, of an Arab mare by an imported sire, he belonged to a regiment of Spahis, and was the Colonel's favorite mount. For years Kiki was to the fore in all the Concours Hippiques; and as recently as the spring of 1929 he won in the Concours at Meknes. A year later, last May, he was sold by the Commission de Reforme at one of their auctions as being too old for military service. The purchaser was an Arab who is a contractor and does much carting for the Public Works department. He also bears the title of Hadj, for he has been to Mecca. This holy man harnessed Kiki, who had never been harnessed before, to a two-wheel buggy, and for the last six months was to be seen driving about at all hours of the day.

Lack of proper attention and overwork soon produced numerous sores, and later, lameness. This lameness was "treated" by the native panacea of the application of red-hot irons. The photograph shows clearly on the near hind leg the appalling wounds caused thereby. One shudders to think of the way a horse of delicate nervous temperament, such as Kiki, must have suffered.

At last, when Kiki's condition was hopeless, he was brought to us, and we mercifully put an end to his suffering.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payment of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



THE ROSALIE A. I. BULL MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN ERECTED AT THE CORNER OF THE FRONT WALL OF THE AMERICAN FEZ FONDOUK

## He Might Have Been Different

ERNEST WARREN BROCKWAY

**W**HAT is one to do with a big yellow cat who has his own way in just about everything, who, apparently, takes the attitude that he has as much right to your home and all its furnishings as you have?

After he has clawed one of the best pieces of furniture in the house; after he has jumped up on a window-sill and gotten his big double-paws mixed up in the curtains; after he has tormented you by various maneuverings in trying to get you out of bed an hour earlier in the morning than you want to get out; after he has taken possession of the most comfortable chair in the house; after he has carefully inspected every new thing that comes into the house hardly before you have had time to do so yourself; after he has refused to eat anything other than choice fresh fish or meat—after all these things and many more, just what can one do with such a cat?

Probably the whole trouble is that he has not been properly trained—to which I heartily and happily agree.

With these terrible things of which he is guilty day in and day out there are also many other things, a few of which I shall name. When I come home at night he is always on hand to meet me and greet me; while I am eating my evening meal, or any other meal, he sits in a chair near me watching my every movement with his big and expressive eyes, patiently waiting for what he knows will soon come to him, without uttering a murmur; when he is thirsty he will run to the bath tub, jump in and sit there in perfect quietness until someone comes to turn on some water—these and many other things go to make up his daily activities.

Probably he should have been trained to do other things.

When he was a kitten my wife brought this now big yellow cat home. We have never attempted to train him in anything, other than to reprimand him when at times he becomes a little destructive to property. But all he does then is to give us a look, sometimes the embodiment of innocence and at other times, of open defiance backed up by saucy combat wholly in fun for he knows that do what he may he will never be hurt. This he learned early in life and how thankful we are that he did. Now he gives true expression to his feelings. He is one of the happiest cats I have ever seen and to one who is a true cat lover isn't the knowledge that one knows he is happy because he feels secure from ill-treatment worth more than the little damage he may do now and then, because he knows that in so doing he will get attention? And this cat demands wholesale attention. I have never before seen a cat that manifested his moods so clearly. If left alone, he becomes pitifully solemn in looks and actions, whereas if he is surrounded by activity he is in a mood exactly the opposite.

I have given a few of the qualities of this cat of mine who might have been different if given a rigid training. But how I dislike to think of him as being different.



## "Peanut," a Male Tortoise-Shell

**T**ORTOISE-SHELL male cats are very rare. We doubt if one person in a hundred ever saw one. Veterinarians, cat fanciers and cat devotees all seem willing to admit the fact. Last month, however, a genuine, typical, tri-colored specimen was brought by his owner to the Angell Hospital to prove that the male, while extremely rare, may be real. This beautifully marked, silken-furred cat, though only six months' old, quite readily and dignifiedly posed before the camera for several pictures. He was pronounced a true and perfectly healthy specimen by members of the veterinary staff. It is said that some years ago a paragraph floated in the newspapers stating that a very large reward was offered in England for a male tortoise-shell. This is probably a myth. We cannot ever say again that there is "no such animal."

## Dante and His Educated Cat

AMELIA WOFFORD

**D**ANTE and his friend, Cecco d'Ascoli, held opposite views of the relative strength of natural and acquired genius. D'Ascoli was firm for the first; Dante, as firm for the latter, offered in evidence of his faith his pet cat which he had trained to hold a candle for him while he read or dined.

D'Ascoli would like very much to witness the trick. Dante was very ready to oblige him.

The appointed evening came, so did d'Ascoli. The cat, motionless as a statue, was holding the lighted candle for his master to read, when d'Ascoli slyly lifted the lid of a jar he had set on the table at his entrance.

Out popped some mice.

Down went the candle, and on the mice Dante's exhibit pounced as greedily as a starved alley prowler, to d'Ascoli's joy and Dante's confusion.

• • •

**Don't leave your cat to shift for itself when you are away from home or the house is vacant.**

## Spreading Cheer

JOSEPH RUSSELL

Serial 57419 Ohio Penitentiary

**H**IS coat is of a chestnut sheen; hence his name, "Browny." He has a dogish personality which one could not pass without taking a second look; and since he happens to be a German Shepherd owned by Mrs. E. P. Thomas, wife of the Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary, there is many an eye not content with a second look but that follows him with a hungry and affectionate longing.

Browny, whenever he finds the time for sleep, has a place in the dentist's office located in the Penitentiary Hospital. Maybe this is because one of the most optimistic and kindly lovers of dogs has charge of this office. Or was it a woman's intuition that a place where there are so many pains to take care of needs a dog's presence to bolster up the courage of one about to surrender a molar that led Mrs. Thomas to select that lodging place for Browny?

As a ray of sunshine behind gray walls, Browny sits on the hospital steps; and then as one passes he slants his tawny head sideways, as if asking if you won't stop for a play. That is, if you won't pick up a stick and hurl it to assist him in spreading cheerfulness.

Should you make believe that you don't see him, he'll bark sharply to attract attention, then wag his scrawny tail to make his happy spirit known.

One eye has the power of two (Browny is blind in the other) and he can read the expression in your face. "Yes," he thinks, "they're smiling, but can't they see I want to frolic?"

Mystified, his yellow-brown head cocks more sideways. On his face is plainly written, "Please, mister, ain't you got a piece of rag or a stick to have me chase?"

With the quick, sudden hurling of a stick, he is off. In a split second he has retrieved the article. But here is where the fun really begins. Instead of dropping the cudgel at your feet, Browny will place it about five feet from where you are standing, then edge three feet away. When you make a dash for it, he beats you to the article and goes off in a high-hat manner. Thus he will tantalize you until, in desperation, you lose interest in the stick and hurl another. Sometimes he will continue the teasing until you are ready to "cuss," which brings roars of laughter from others in every spot on the grounds.

When there is nothing to chase, Browny plays "dead," to get somebody to play with him. He will come helter-skelter out of the Hospital Building, make several expiring leaps in the air, and then lie stone still on the lawn. Browny seldom tries this trick any longer, for he knows we are wise to him.

Now how could a fellow help but forget his fierce longings and troubles when a dog so human looks up appealingly for a bit of fun? Heartaches, yearnings, bitterness vanish. In their place come comforting thoughts that make the shoulders go back and the day seem brighter.

Sadder indeed would this "spot" be were it not for—just a dog—BROWNY.



VISITORS LOVE TO FEED THE SHEEP IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY

## Youth in the Hunting Field

CHRIS. SEWELL

IN one of our leading daily papers I have just read that "A feature of the cubbing season has been the large attendance of children."

The caption is accompanied by an entrancing picture of three little girls, radiant with smiles and chubby beauty, who, mounted on ponies, are drawing rein at a rural fence.

I wonder what the mother of—say the tender-mouthed cherub on the left—would think if her daughter suddenly elected to chase a frightened kitten across the lawn, or to whack it on the head with her brother's cricket bat—for fun?

I venture to guess that a pretty severe punishment would be meted out then and there, and I can well imagine the perturbed lady's anxious confidence to her husband later on regarding the "cruel strain" in the child for which she was "absolutely unable to account."

Being a modern parent, she would probably end her wail with "Terribly worrying, isn't it, dear? I wonder if I ought to have her psycho-analyzed?"

Yet this same mother can presumably see no shadow of incongruity in the little one's participation in a form of torture which is inconceivably worse than the chivying of a baby cat, in that the chase is much more prolonged, and the presence of hounds adds a hideous element to the agony of fear which the baby fox must endure.

Children, of course, do not realize this, and have to be taught.

A small relative of mine who adores her dogs and other pet "beasties" speaks with pride of having been given the pad when some piteous hare was hounded shrieking to its death.

In her immature mind pets and animals of the chase are in water-tight compartments, having no kinship with one another whatsoever.

Indeed I greatly doubt whether she realizes that creatures of the latter class have any feelings at all.

And, so far as I know, no attempt has ever been made by her parents to show her that they have.

To let a child grow up in a fool's paradise believing one animal sacred and another made by Heaven to be torn and mangled for her amusement is, in these

Face-the-Truth-at-all-Cost days, a more flagrant piece of hypocrisy than anything the Victorian era could produce.

Fifty years ago (when a certain denseness of mental fibre was common, and complete ignorance of values did occasionally excuse blundering) it may have had some sort of sanction; but not in 1931. The evolution of knowledge pursuing its way towards that "far off divine event" which we call Perfection has taught us to see plainly where once we groped.

We can no longer lay to our souls the comfortable unction that distress and pain are felt by the pampered—and the pampered only.

For one person who was formerly dubious or indifferent as to the ethics of blood sports there must be today at least a thousand who have no doubt whatever as to their immorality.

If parents cannot resist the slaughter-lust themselves, at least let them be honest enough never to pretend to their children that there is less cruelty in savaging a stag or a fox than there is in disemboweling a cherished terrier. Let them be candid, and acknowledge, as a young sportsman did to a friend of mine, that hunting is a loathsome practice which they follow because it is exciting. Never should it be forced upon a sensitive child as a tradition.

Such boasts as "All our family have followed hounds from their cradles," "I was 'blooded' when I was only four," etc., are happily not the hall-marks of distinction which they used to be.

Instead of carrying a virile outdoor, typically wholesome flavor, they are, at least in England, suspect.

Thank God this is so. Thank God that the hard rider is not the gallant, swash-buckling figure he was in the sixties and seventies, and that paragraphs about children in the hunting field cause more sorrow than elation to a great and growing section of the public.

## Mischief

MADELYN G. COBHAM

*I love to see**Deep in an asphalt walk*

*The paw-marks of a wee, enquiring pup,  
Who sniffed the cool, wet clay,  
And stopped a while to play.*

*I love to think about the fun he had,  
Chuckling at his fearful, awful bad!*

## The Line Fence

ELIZABETH THOMAS

IN the long ago pre-gasoline days every farmer of any standing at all had at least one good driving horse. And good driving horse at that time meant fast horse. It might be, and probably was, an animal that was large enough to do a good share of the farm work, but it must be a horse that could keep up a three-minute clip for miles at a stretch, and faster if necessary. These horses were beautifully kept and carefully guarded and were the subject of many heated arguments between fond owners.

I remember well the horse owned by the man on the next farm to ours. He was a rangy black beast called "Victor," built for speed and too light in weight for any work. His life was an easy one, for he spent most of his time at pasture while less fortunate horses worked in the fields. I think perhaps idleness caused him to concentrate on mischief making, and I know that Victor was the means of causing my father and his owner nearly to come to blows.

The pasture on our farm and the one on the next farm joined and were separated by a "line fence." Half of this fence was to be kept in repair by my father, the other half by Victor's owner. The fence was made partly of old stumps and partly post and rail, a little of each in both halves of the fence. It was a matter of pride to have one's own piece of the fence in good condition, and a matter of policy too, for nobody liked to have his neighbor's cows and horses in his pasture eating up good feed. Therefore, I was much astonished one night when I went for the cows to find them over in our neighbor's pasture, and a hole in our part of the fence big enough to drive a herd of elephants through. Rails had been pulled out and lifted off, but none were broken. Our neighbor made caustic comments on the condition of the fence, the disposition of our cows, etc., and my father repaired the fence in ominous silence. The next night our neighbor's cows came to the barn with ours, and his fence boasted a lengthy breach. This went on for several nights until both men were at the boiling point, each accusing the other of wilfully destroying the fence.

Finally, my father decided to adopt desperate measures, and hired me to hide in a tree all day to see what really happened to the fence. It was a weary vigil and nothing happened during the morning. The cows fed peacefully and Victor romped around kicking up his heels. But about noon Victor approached the fence, looked it over speculatively and took hold of a rail with his teeth. The rails, however, had all been firmly nailed down the previous night and after an unsuccessful attempt to move the rail, Victor tried a stump. These stumps were huge old pine stumps, with long roots and had been placed so that they stood on edge with roots entwined to form a secure barrier. Moving one was a job for a derrick but Victor grasped a root firmly in his teeth and reared, which moved the stump a fraction. It must have taken him half an hour of good hard work to move that stump enough to permit his body to pass through the gap. Then he pranced through into our pasture and spent another half hour rounding up our cows, finally

appearing with them all on a frenzied run ahead of him. He drove them through into his own pasture and went calmly to feeding, and was the picture of innocence when I got my father and our neighbor there to see the damage.

Victor was removed to another pasture where his activities would not annoy the neighbors, and the line fence caused no more trouble. I think the horse must have had an unusually well developed sense of humor.

### To My Cayuse

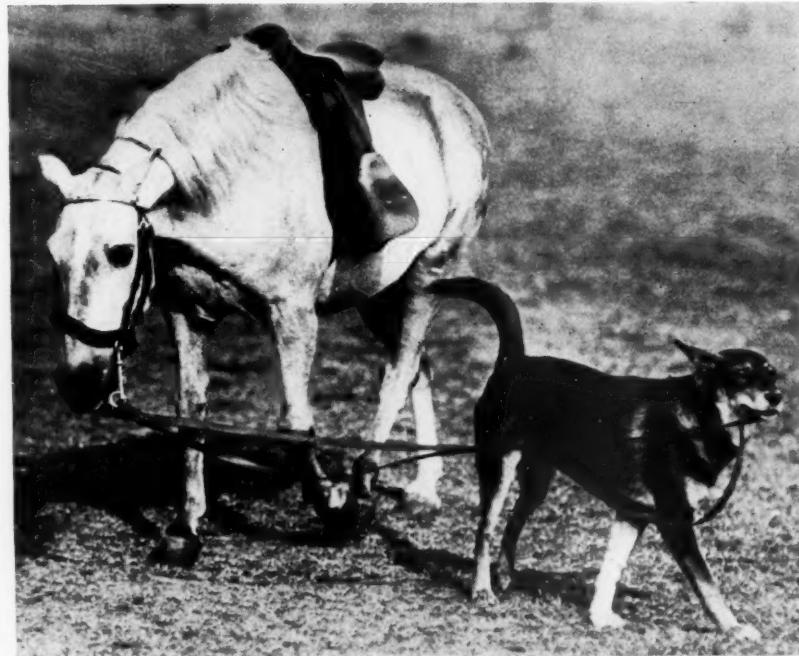
CRISTEL HASTINGS

*You're growin' old, dear pal o' mine,  
Your halting step, like mine, is slow—  
But, oh, we've got the sage brush hills  
About us everywhere we go!  
Your eyes are dim—well, so are mine—  
As we go down a hazy trail,  
But, pal, we've seen the sun an' stars  
An' skies where fairy craft set sail!*

*It's well nigh half a score o' years  
Since you first felt my eager hand  
Touchin' your bridle, an' somehow  
It seems you always understand.  
We've seen mirage o' water holes  
Half faintin' in the burnin' sands,  
We've stumbled on, pal, you and I,  
With achin' souls in desert lands.*

*We've seen gray tumbleweeds speed by  
On phantom trails—we've made our bed  
With stars our only roof at night,  
Your saddle, pal, beneath my head.  
An' now—the end o' our long trail  
Looms near, into the sunset's glow—  
But, pal, I'm with you to the end,  
Beyond may be a trail we'll know.*

Remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.



"RASTUS," THE HORSE, RAN AWAY AT ORMOND BEACH, FLORIDA, HIS RIDER BEING LOST IN THE WOODS. "LUCKY," THE DOG, IS LEADING THE HORSE HOME TO HIS STABLE

## To Keep, or Not to Keep,—a Big Dog

V. COLLER

ARE you a lover of dogs? Have you ever stood by and admired a magnificent police dog? One who represented perfection in the standard of his breed? Have you regarded with approval, his sleek coat? His aristocratic head? His almost soulful eyes, gleaming with wondrous intelligence and deathless devotion to his master?

Have you ever been thrilled with the thought of possessing such an animal? Most people have, at one time or another. However, unless you are an extremely sympathetic, unremitting lover of dogs, don't become an owner without first considering both sides of "The Large Dog in the City" problem.

Otherwise, you will surely find yourself saddled with a source of constant vexations, large and small, innumerable discomforts, expenses and worse, instead of that true friend and comfort of man that the dog has always been to those of us who not only love, but understand him.

Often when I have been particularly annoyed with my dog over some trifling misbehavior—I wonder how many times—I have come home late, tired and weary, longing to remain and retire. Nevertheless, most grudgingly I trudged out again "to walk the dog." How many Sunday mornings I could have slept away in pleasant dreams, only for the same reason.

How many pleasant and perhaps profitable journeys, near and far, have I been forced to forego, because there was no means of transportation nor accommodation for my dog! How many times have I lost, or failed to make, friends of persons who were afraid of, or did not like, dogs!

How many times have I had clothing ruined by his well-meant affectionate but destructive caperings! I even buy clothes with an eye to their ability to shed dog-hairs.

These city dogs shed all year round. In summer they shed their fine, woolly undercoat. In winter they also shed heavily to acclimatize themselves to the city dwellers' steam-heated apartment.

The burden of housekeeping is never lightened by the presence of a dog in the home. Rugs and furniture can never be entirely freed of dog hairs.

No matter how well-mannered, dogs have their off days. Their stomachs become upset, the same as humans, occasionally. No matter how good-natured and friendly a pet, one male dog will change, in the twinkling of an eye, to a ferocious beast at the sight of another, thus requiring constant apprehension on the part of the owner, here in the city, where there are dozens of dogs to each city block. The slightest lapse of vigilance will result in a fight to the finish, and in a most unpleasant situation, often a lawsuit for either or both of the dogs owners.

Many desirable apartments are closed to owners of large dogs. From an economic point of view, the city dog is a luxury as well. From puppyhood on, he is subject to his particular diseases, the same as a child. He must be attended by competent veterinaries, whose charges are none too modest. Food, too, is quite an item. It costs me in the neighborhood of five dollars a week to keep my dog in meat and dog biscuits.

In many ways, both practical and sentimental, my dog has repaid me for my eight years of care and attention. A dog is the best prevention of burglary known. Insurance companies will reduce the rates of a burglary policy ten per cent if it is proved that a dog is kept on the premises. I have lived in a house where every apartment but mine was robbed in the course of five years. I have long since lost the key to my car. I have never had another, having no use for it on account of my dog's watchfulness.

This faithful animal will, as nicely as any handy maid, fetch your papers, mail, and slippers when you are resting, if you will but have the patience to teach him those little tricks. He will greet you with the most overwhelming joy at all times, whether you have been absent for a few hours or a year. His cold nose will nuzzle you out of bed in the morning more surely than the alarm clock. His playful antics will amuse you forever.

But to the person who is considering a dog addition to his family, let me say, there are times when I think I would not sell my dog for any price, but would not give two cents for another one in the city.

The next moment I realize that I am lying to myself, for I know in my heart I could never be without a dog.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editor to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, a supply of special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five hundred and sixty-eight new Bands of Mercy were reported during March, nearly all being in schools. Of these, 192 were in Rhode Island, 72 in Pennsylvania, 71 in Virginia, 67 in Massachusetts, 51 in Georgia, 51 in Texas, 13 in Maine, 11 in Illinois, 11 in Newfoundland, nine in Syria, six in Porto Rico, six in West Virginia, and one each in Florida, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Mississippi, Missouri, New York, and Ohio.

**TOTAL NUMBER BANDS OF MERCY ORGANIZED BY PARENT AMERICAN SOCIETY, 181,760**

### Good Band of Mercy Program

ELFEN high school students, and twenty-six grade students comprise a recently-organized Band of Mercy at Midlothian, Oklahoma. They have already accomplished much good work. The abandoning of two mules to starve by a near-by farmer was reported and acted upon, with favorable results, at the first meeting. Other cases have been taken up since.

The attitude of the school-boys here has been greatly changed toward such sports as trapping, hunting, cock-fighting, etc. No Midlothian boy considers hunting a manly pastime now. The Band of Mercy members are constantly on the lookout for little cruelties to be righted. We encourage liberal reading from humane magazines, and have a special department set aside in our library for Band of Mercy literature. Every member reports something he has read recently at the following meeting.

The Band is divided into two groups, an "A" and a "B" section. These groups alternate in the preparation of programs. We also have various contests, such as making posters, booklets, etc. The losers of these contests give the winners a party or some other form of entertainment, thus providing social interest in the club.

At each meeting a section is conducted in which the leader asks each member what good deed he has done. These acts are discussed and we also discuss what ought to be done. We think this a record Band as every student in the high school and in grades from the fourth to the eighth inclusive belongs. Not one has dropped out. A great deal of the success is due to our live officers, who are untiring in their work.

MRS. NELL WILSON

New occasions teach new duties;  
Time makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still, and onward,  
Who would keep abreast of truth.

LOWELL



GOOD WILL CLUB, EL CERRITO HEIGHTS, CALIFORNIA, HELPS DEDICATE BIRD FOUNTAIN IN FRONT OF HOME OF MRS. RACHEL C. HOGUE, FIELD WORKER OF AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 4325 ALABAMA STREET, SAN DIEGO

### The Patient Camel

NETTIE WYSOR

THE familiar hunchback of the zoo, looking from our point of view as if life might be a painful ordeal for him, is second to none in the kingdom of beasts as an example of patient endurance for the benefit of his master. He is far less intelligent than the elephant and shows little or no affection, but his fortitude, as he travels the burning sands of the desert, carrying a rider or a load or both, wins our admiration and regard, whether he seems aware of it or not. In the desert, which is his country, there is no citizen more useful.

A camel's training begins early. He learns to obey his master's instructions, to kneel down to receive his load, and later to take his place in what is called a "string," made up of thirty or more camels hitched together by means of ropes which attach the noses of the camels to the tails of those immediately in front of them. The foremost one follows a little donkey, who acts as leader for the string.

The reason why the camel is so capable of enduring the dry heat of the desert is that nature has given him a way of carrying several gallons of water in a reservoir inside of him, a supply from which he may quench his thirst when there is no spring within miles of him. Besides, he can subsist on such roots and dry forage as the desert affords, satisfied to take what he finds without complaint.

The camel is a domesticated animal only in the East. In the Bible he is so mentioned, as, for example, when Rebecca and her maids went to meet Isaac, riding upon camels. Camel-shearing was as common with the people of the Orient as sheep-shearing is with us, and in a variety of ways this patient creature served the interests of his owner. The hair was used for cloth, the hides for tent coverings, and the meat for food. Even with us, camel's-hair materials are our best protection against cold.

As the Christmas season draws near, the children of Syria are as excited over the coming of the camel as are the children of America over the coming of Santa Claus. A Syrian child, blindfolded, listens for the sound of the camel's hoofs, and the gifts he brings are dropped into the child's lap.

The blindfold is not removed until the sound of the camel's hoofs dies away as he withdraws. Needless to say, the shops at Christmas-tide have many little wooden camel's hoofs on display. Our Christmas, too, is associated with camels, for the Three Wise Men are always pictured journeying to Bethlehem on gaily caparisoned camels, bearing gifts for the Christ Child. Thus do history and literature associations lift this unprepossessing animal into a place of dignity and importance; and certainly his traits of patience and endurance call forth our kindest impulses and most protective instincts.

### "Old Mack" of Chicago

JAMES E. KNOWLES

EVERY morning, when hundreds of Chicago office workers are hurriedly marching to their various duties, "Old Mack" can be seen standing by but not totally unobserved. He is a big black horse with a tiny white mark streaming down his nose. He is hitched to a white milk wagon. While his master is enjoying doughnuts and hot coffee in a nearby restaurant, Old Mack is not content to remain just an ordinary horse hitched to a cumbersome milk wagon; he has aspirations to do more noble things. It is his daily feat to climb upon the curb with his two strong front legs and stick his nose out obtrusively to be patted by the passers-by. And, believe it or not, Old Mack will get attention. Many of the hurrying workers, limited by a very narrow margin of time to reach their offices, pause for a moment to rub the big horse's nose as a kind of friendly, "Good morning, Mack."

### School Talks by Mr. Talbot

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. reached fully 4,500 persons by Mr. Talbot's illustrated animal lectures during March, all but one being in public schools. The exception was the one given before the Ruskin Club of Boston, at a public meeting in the hall of the Boston Public Library before 300 persons, March 9. At the Beverly High school and also at the Quincy Point graded schools, 1,300 pupils were in attendance. Other audiences varying from 100 to 325 were Montrose, Lafayette and Warren schools, Wakefield; Roosevelt and Washington schools, Melrose; Wadleigh school, Winchester; and the Duxbury High school.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Foundlings

ELLEN S. G. VAUGHAN

I FOUND a little dog one day.  
Or he found me,—which would you say?  
We met each other by the pool  
When I was coming home from school.  
He looked so worried and so sad,  
And when I spoke to him,—so glad.  
He was the drollest little pup.  
With one ear down and one ear up!  
And when I said, "Come home with me."  
He wagged his happy tail with glee.  
My mother said that he might stay  
If I would feed him every day  
And keep fresh water in his dish,  
And 'tend to every puppy wish.  
So I have fed him bread and milk  
And washed his hair as soft as silk.  
And let him out and let him in,  
And told him barking is a sin;  
But still he barks at every cat.—  
I guess all dogs are made like that;  
And nobody is always good.—  
I know he would be, if he could.  
We're both as glad as we can be  
That I found him and he found me.

## A Fawn Goes a-Visiting

ROBERT H. WALKER

AS Jim Eecker was riding home from the cattle drive one evening early in June, he was startled by a plaintive little cry in the brush to the side of the trail. The cry sounded similar to a baby's half-broken sob but to Jim who had been raised on a cattle ranch on upper east river it was immediately recognizable as the cry of a baby deer. He stopped his horse and listened. He soon heard a rustling of the new leaves as a timid fawn put its nose out to see who the visitor was. It had been a trying day for the fawn as coyotes (told by the story of tracks in the moist earth) had driven the mother deer away and the baby was too weak and afraid to follow. It was late evening now and past supper time. Jim did not find it hard to make friends with the little orphan. In fact, as soon as it discovered that the newcomers meant it no harm, it became quite friendly and did not object when its rescuer proffered to take it in his arms and carry it home.

It had a warm supper of milk given it from a bottle with a rubber nipple on it; and was put to bed with the calves. The calves were a bit curious over this little wild creature at first but in a few days they romped and played with each other. One thing that the calves could not understand, however, was the ease with which their visitor jumped over the low fences and went to the yard by the house to play with the little girls and beg for a lump of sugar or a choice bit of carrot or lettuce from the garden.

Our little speckled friend soon learned to prefer the company of the girls and would romp and play with them as long as they were outdoors. When strangers would pass they could quite often see the little fawn but the clever



BEGGING FOR A LUMP OF SUGAR

creature seemed to sense they were strange and would jump up on the porch settee behind the vines to hide until they left.

The girls enjoyed the company of this refreshing bit of timid nature nearly all summer and they and the fawn grew to be great pals. The deer followed them about the ranch wherever they went. One evening the family left the deer in the back yard when they went in to supper but when they came out their little friend was gone.

It left as quickly as it had come, and though it made the whole family sad whenever they thought of the little playmate, the memory of its rollickings and tender ways will always be a treasure to them.

## Making Home Pleasant

AS WASHINGTON woman on a visit to a toy-shop recently noticed a small girl who was eagerly looking at a mechanical mouse.

"Although we had never been introduced," said the woman, "the child spoke to me. Holding up the mouse, she inquired anxiously, 'Do you think it looks real?'

"I said I thought it did.

"'It is very expensive,' said the little girl, 'and I've been saving up for two weeks to get it. I want it to look real.'

"'Why not get a doll?' I suggested.

"'Oh, said she, 'it isn't for me. It's for our cat. We brought him home from the country, and he isn't very happy in an apartment. I thought if he had a mouse that would run, to play with, it might make it seem more like home.'

"And the dear little soul's pennies went over the counter. I wonder what she had for herself." —Washington Post

## Lines

No pitted toad behind a stone  
But hoards some secret grace;  
The meanest slug with midnight gone  
Has left a silver trace.

No dullest eyes to beauty blind,  
Uplifted to the beast,  
But proves some kin with angel kind,  
Though lowliest and least.

RALPH HODGSON

## Humane Trapping Council

WE are glad to announce the formation of the Humane Trapping Council, which has been created to safeguard the anti-steel-trap law. Ultimately this new organization, it is hoped, will supersede the Anti-Steel-Trap League, Massachusetts Division, Inc., which wishes to leave the victory it won in hands competent to protect it. Merely to pass such a law as this is not enough. The new law is surrounded by many dangers. Organized effort is under way to force its repeal. The law has already achieved a substantial measure of success in abolishing the atrocious cruelty connected with trapping, despite a hostile attitude on the part of the state Division of Fisheries and Game, which is the enforcement body.

The Humane Trapping Council seeks to enlist the aid of all the elements that united to enact this great piece of humane legislation. Its work will be both protective and educational. It is intended that the Council shall function in much the same manner toward this law as the animal welfare societies do with respect to laws relating to domestic animals. The Council must be self-supporting. This it proposes to accomplish by membership fees of \$1 per year. Our officers serve without compensation. Help us to preserve our wonderful victory! Please send your check for \$1 made payable to the Humane Trapping Council, 101 Tremont Street, Boston. We must begin work at once. Do not delay!

## School Poster Contest

The humane poster contest in the schools of Massachusetts closed April 1 with a larger number of entries than in any previous year. Altogether, from both public and parochial schools, 5,546 posters were received from 425 schools, representing 135 cities and towns. The awards will be made during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 20-25, when the best posters will be displayed in the Boston Public Library.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals", that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

## FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

## Harriet C. Reynolds

WITH the death at an advanced age of Mrs. Harriet C. Reynolds, in Washington, D. C., March 24 last, another of the early pioneers in humane work has gone. A vice-president of the American Humane Education Society, Mrs. Reynolds had been a teacher, traveler, lecturer, author, and humane worker for many years. She started the first Band of Mercy in Rhode Island, with a membership of 250, and in 1893 gave up her school work to devote her life to promoting humane education. She organized committees and societies in many of the states, but her most noteworthy accomplishment was in the foreign field, where in every leading country north of the equator she was active in humane endeavor. She held humane exhibitions in ten international expositions.

Mrs. Reynolds organized a humane society in Greece under the sanction of Queen Olga, and had been with Clara Barton in Turkey in 1896 during the Red Cross relief of the Armenian massacres.

While visiting France, Greece, Italy, Spain, Mexico, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, China and Japan, she brought out humane literature in the language of each country, amounting to thousands of books and hundreds of thousands of leaflets. She was associated with George T. Angell, Francis Power Cobbe and Countess Somers. Her book, "Humane Education," a handbook on kindness to animals, ran into two editions.

Mrs. Reynolds leaves one son, Mr. E. C. Reynolds, of Washington, D. C., to whom is extended the sympathy of all who knew the good works of his distinguished mother.

## EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, chairman of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, Vice-President of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, and Philip Stockton, President of the First National Bank of Boston, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.



## SHEEP OWNERS

FREE Copy of the above picture of LITTLE GIRL AND LAMB, 11 x 9 inches on cardboard for framing, will be sent free to sheep owners and wool dealers. Fill out the coupon.

## Mail This Coupon

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WOOL**

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If without expense, please send to the undersigned a picture of the LITTLE GIRL AND LAMB.

I or we have  sheep  breed  
I or we have  pounds of wool.

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Address   
Street   
City   
State

Those not qualifying as above may receive a copy of the picture by remitting \$1.00 per copy to the address given.

## Now I Can Sleep

(Celebrating the success of the Anti-Trap Bill)

MARGUERITE WARREN BURRILL

Now I can welcome kindly sleep  
(A sleep untroubled with grisly dreams  
Of little struggling things that moan,  
Out in the wastes of wind and snow,  
Dying on slopes where the white snow gleams.)

Now I can fold my once tense hands,  
Peacefully, nor cover my eyes to hide  
The bloody pictures of terrible woe  
Of beasts that suffer, as Death creeps slow,  
Out in the woods where the moon-beams glide.

## Our Dumb Animals

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## TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY  
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100.00	Associate Annual	\$5.00
Active Annual	10.00	Annual	1.00
		Children's	.75

All memberships include subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*. Those who pay five and ten dollars are entitled, respectively, to two and four copies of *Our Dumb Animals* additional to their own, sent for one year to any addresses.

Life memberships may be paid in four installments.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

